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From *La dolce vita* to *La vita agra*

The image of the Italian literary translator as an illusory, rebellious and precarious intellectual

Giovanni Nadiani
University of Bologna at Forlì

Introduction

In the late 1990s, Franco Berardi discussed the new jobs that had arisen due to the digitalization of society. Through “fragments” collected in 2001, Berardi (2001a) identified the living standards of millions of “cognitive workers”, “cognitive proletarians”, or “bio-workers” of the tertiary sector relating to the imagination and circulation of ideas, languages and symbols: Publishing, media, software, design, real estate and financial services, etc. (cf. Fumagalli 2010:7). Berardi precisely identified the role of translators as knowledge workers by stating:

The space-time globalization of labour is made possible within the Net: global labour is an endless recombination of myriad fragments producing, elaborating, distributing and decoding signs and informational units of all kinds. Labour is broken down into fragments that are recombined into the continuous flux of the Net [...] Every semiotic segment produced by the information worker must meet and match every innumerable other semiotic segment in order to form the combinatory frame of the info-commodity, semiocapital, [...] the worker can be reached anywhere and anytime from any point in the world, and can be called to reconnect to the labor flux [...] The mobile phone is the tool that makes the connection possible between the needs of the productive cycle of the capital and the mobilized living labour, so as to have the worker’s whole day at disposal and yet pay only for the worker’s fragments of labour time.¹ (Berardi 2001b:78f)

These workers represent the paradigm shift of non-material labour that literally embodies “bio-work” or “human capital”, in the sense that people’s actual bodies are the “fixed capital”, the vehicle by which wealth is created for the worker. The means of production they put on the market is themselves (cf. Revelli 2010:97–104).

1. All translations from Italian are my own unless otherwise attributed.

Such a revolution of labour and work has been taking place for the last twenty years and has also affected translation (cf. Cronin 2003). Nowadays, translators are mostly doing piecemeal work within the advanced field of linguistics and engineering.

In this context, if on the one hand the language and engineering industry itself is devising more and more sophisticated tools in order to facilitate and speed up, that is to maximize within a given time frame, the work of the literary translator as well (and not just the work of scientific-technical and commercial translators) and not necessarily to the detriment of the translation's literary quality (cf. Nadiani 2009), on the other hand, the image of the literary translator as derived from a number of significant studies by translation scholars is still too strongly affected by a "generalist and culturalistic" approach that is not supported by rigorous statistical analysis of the professionals' actual working conditions and of the practical impact of their activity on a given cultural area. The best information on the ways in which the translators' working conditions are rapidly changing – also in consideration of the under-investigated forms of agency, which include the new modes of production and distribution (see for example Amazon) – seems to be still provided by the newsletters and websites of the various professional associations² or networks of associations such as the *Conseil Européen des Associations de Traducteurs Littéraires* (CEATL).³ We believe that the established importance of translators as agents "responsible for major historical, literary and cultural transitions/changes/innovations through translation" (Milton & Bandia 2009: 1) – a concept that dates back to Toury's idea of intellectuals as "agents of change" (Toury 2002: 151), which is certainly valid in principle but still remains to be proven on the basis of robust verifiable data – or of the role that translated literature, for example, plays within a given literary system (cf. Even-Zohar 1978, 1982) are today absolutely exaggerated, in consideration of other forms of agency whose impact and penetration force can count on much more powerful media. In depth, empirical and statistical studies are especially scarce that can justify the idea of literary translators as unparalleled mediators across languages and cultures. As far as we are concerned, we have attempted to empirically show how difficult it is to practically assess the impact of literary translation objects on a given cultural area and the actual role played in this by the respective agents (cf. Nadiani 2011). This was done taking as a starting point the adaptation to the field of translation of the concept of culture

2. For Italy see the newly founded STRADE (Sindacato Traduttori Editoriali - National Association of Literary Translators), which has already managed to launch a fiscal and legal vademecum which protects translators (<http://www.traduttorestrade.it/vademecum/>).

3. See for example a comparison of literary translators' wages across Europe (<http://www.ceatl.eu/wp-content/uploads/2010/09/surveyit.pdf>).

as a set of permeable “shared habitats of meaning” (Hannerz 2001: 28f), which eternally intersect with, contaminate and fertilize each other, and on the basis of theoretical and operative models created by Mudersbach (2002) and subsequently by Floros (2002).

Even so, the image of the literary translator – what has just been observed despite this specific mutation – has kept its particular “aura”, which remains unexplained given the working conditions of Italian translators: Very short turnaround times and relatively low remuneration typical of self-employed or freelance workers.⁴

One reason for this “aura” is explained by how translators are viewed in the collective imagination. They are considered the key to the mystery of all that is foreign, strange and different in a country that still lacks sufficient knowledge of foreign languages even at the important levels of politics, economics and public administration. Another reason is to be found in the prestigious and high-level translation work that has been carried out over the centuries by a number of eminent intellectuals, philosophers, writers and poets, such as Umberto Eco, Claudio Magris, Antonio Tabucchi and Gianni Celati just to mention a few illustrious members of the Italian cultural élite who are well-known on the contemporary international scene.

With a hint of rebellious anarchism and bohemian decadence, an important contribution to shaping the collective image of the translator in Italy – translators most often being women – has been conveyed by the work, life and fortunes of a unique and unconventional author: Luciano Bianciardi.

The translator-intellectual’s “Hard Life” in the metropolis

The novel

The character of Moraldo in Fellini’s film *I vitelloni* (1953) was created, incidentally, by two famous people coming from rural towns. Federico Fellini (1920–1993) and Ennio Flaiano (1910–1972) left the provinces to go to the big city, which was common for many Italian intellectuals of the Fifties. It embodies an aspect of the phenomenon of internal migration that had occurred over the two decades following WWII: From South to North, rural to urban areas, and from the mountains to the plains towards highly centralized industrial centres of production. Mostly young graduates, teachers and journalists moved towards the eminent cities of Milan and

4. In this respect, see the information available at the heading “Documenti” on the STRADE website (<http://www.traduttoristrade.it/#>).

Rome seeking careers in diverse professions ranging from cinema and television to politics, journalism, advertising and publishing, etc. In their regions and hometowns many of them were socially very active with close ties to the labour movement and organisations passionately spreading culture and civic learning in their respective communities (cf. Ferretti 2009: 7ff). The unconventional, Tuscan-born rebel Bianciardi, after years of working as a middle school English teacher and as a high school history and philosophy teacher, as a library director, a contributor to local newspapers and a cultural activist in the small-town areas (which he ironically referred to as “Kansas City”), headed North to Milan where “you really work” (Bianciardi 1957: 107) with a sense of disillusionment and failure relating to his experience with party “intellectuals” and their language⁵, following the Ribolla mine disaster (1954) in which 43 of those labourers he had fought for died.

Bianciardi arrived in Milan in the years of the so-called economic boom or “miracle”. These were years full of remarkable changes which irrevocably established the mass consumption society. Milan was, and still is in many ways, the headquarters of many important factories, financial firms, newspapers and publishers; Milan was the emblem of the modern city, of Italy’s complete mutation, having left its rural past behind and entered the world’s most industrialised zone. At the same time, however, the role and the condition of the intellectual were also changing, undergoing a process of intense massification and degradation (cf. Muraca 2010: 40).

Bianciardi’s cultural and economic centre is a foggy, hostile, narrow-minded city inhabited by a profit-oriented crowd, where the middle class is blinded by neo-capitalism. He is one of the first intellectuals in Italy to recognise and grasp that mutation of habits, mind and lifestyle even before Pasolini’s *Scritti corsari* (1975). In his second pamphlet *L’integrazione* (1959)⁶ and in his masterpiece *La vita agra* (1962), Bianciardi unveiled and denounced the dark side of the economic boom:

Mass hedonism, leading classes’ euphoria, reckless consumerism, massification, tertiarization, quartarization, conformism, the vices and twitches of the small bourgeoisie and of the intellectuals, political degeneration. (Muraca 2010: 41)

5. Bianciardi talks about his own experience in the memorable pamphlet *Il lavoro culturale* (1957). On the intellectuals’ verbal and body language [*problema del linguaggio e della gestione degli intellettuali*], see the hilarious pages of Chapter 6 (1957: 81–86).

6. In *L’integrazione* Bianciardi (1959) describes his experience at Feltrinelli’s and his “invincible and innate aversion for the rules of a desperate productivism subjugating even the urban intellectual” (Jatosti 2008: 2).

As Ferretti (2009: 29, 49) points out, this is a “provincial” view which is unable – or unwilling – to theoretically and critically analyse nor probe deeper into the complex economic relationships and production processes, the political conflicts, the ongoing social mutations and the several diverse working opportunities such an environment nonetheless has to offer.

One of these opportunities is piecemeal translations into Italian from English – which Bianciardi had studied since childhood and had used as an interpreter for the Allies during the war. Thanks to his connections, Bianciardi began translating for the newly formed Feltrinelli publishing house as well as other important publishers of the time. The nameless hero of the novel that would make him well-known is also a translator, who, unlike his creator, will prove to be a lot more consistent and “greater”, showing Bianciardi as a “little man and real writer” (Ferretti 2009: 53).

The sudden success of *La vita agra*, after a launch that was unusual for the time, makes it the first example of creating a character/author through book presentations and TV broadcasts, whose remarkable impact on sales encouraged publishers to buy the translation rights for publication in widely read languages. A big part of its success – although superficial and suggesting a fundamental misunderstanding – is due to the response of the militant critics, starting with Indro Montanelli’s important review in the *Corriere della Sera* on October 2nd, 1962 entitled “An anarchist in Milan”. Montanelli and other reviewers constantly highlight the obvious biographical side of the book, giving both the author and the protagonist a number of attributes – “fun”, “ironic”, “bitter”, “biting”, “anarchist”, “satirical”, “rebellious” (Falaschi 1992: 33ff) – founding the literary myth of the “angry” or as we would say today “indignant” intellectual-translator-writer or vice versa. This character, after all, is convenient to the cultural industry which, after “squeezing” and exploiting it thoroughly, will abandon it to its destiny. In fact, *La vita agra* is one of the darkest and most desperate books of the Italian postwar years, linguistically and structurally new, as intended by the narrator-author’s alter ego:

I shall construct my story at various levels of time, that is to say, both chronological and syntactical. I shall make past infinitives sound like brass and imperfections like bassoons [...] I shall give you the integral narrative [...] in which the narrator is involved in his narration in his capacity as narrator and the reader involved in his reading in his capacity as reader, while both are involved in their capacity as living men, citizens, taxpayers, and possessors of army discharge papers – complete human beings, in short. I shall set about rewriting my life-story, not just the same book, but the same page, gnawing away like a woodworm in a table-leg. Or I shall compose a linguistic medley of my own, combining a variety of regional dialects [...] And I also shall give you the traditional novel, with at least three deaths,

two pairs of identical twins and a legal acknowledgement. The neo-capitalist, neo-Romantic or neo-Catholic novel, as you will [...] Give me the time and give me the means and I'll touch all the keys, both black and white, of contemporary sensibility. I'll give you indifference, disobedience, married love, conformity, sleepiness, spleen, boredom and indignation. (Bianciardi 1965: 26f)

La vita agra is

a text dominated by the struggle of living and the universal energy wasting [...], it tells of disintegration rather than integration [...], it is a book about the nonsense of social life as it destroys individual biology (Falaschi 1992: 40f)

and at the core of such nonsense is the intellectual that came to the North from the province in order to avenge his companions' deaths in the mines by blowing up an anonymous skyscraper of a large company. Yet, as a translator he has become just a grain of sand to the all-consuming and dehumanizing publishing universe. The main character has no name in his so-called "independent" work as a translator, thus negating his personal identity. Not to mention his crazy time schedule that turns him, his girlfriend and the type writer into one elaborate production machine that renders any social relation impossible (cf. Ferretti 2009: 61), thus envisioning the piecemeal "bio-workers" of today:

Anna sat at the machine typing, and while she was drawing the little squares I had time to light a cigarette. I lay on the bed with the book in my hand and the dictionary beside me and dictated.

'What page have we got?'

'We've started the tenth.'

'We're doing well, aren't we?'

'Fine.'

'Aren't' you a bit tired?'

'No, come on, dictate.'

'Just think, we've earned 4,000 lire already.'

'So we have.'

'Two for Mara [his wife], and one for the rent, and another for light, gas, telephone, milk and bread.'

'Yes, and now let's carry on and earn a little jam. Come on, dictate.'

We managed to do as much as fifteen or twenty pages a day. Two for Mara, one for rent, one for light, gas, telephone, bread and milk, another for the instalments on the furniture and my clothes, and two for extras and cigarettes. And there was no need to take the tram and, except at the end of the month, when I went and delivered the finished work, no need to keep up relations with anybody.

(Bianciardi 1965: 125f)

Between characters and novels under on-going translation that crowd the translator's dreams and the frenzy of the new consumerism that shows indifference even to death; between the meals and coffees at small inns or cafes with prostitutes and hungry comedians, with the impossibility of taking sick leave if he falls ill, *La vita agra* is not quite the romantic tale of the bohemian life of a in-organic *maudit* intellectual, but rather the portrayal of self-destruction in the impossibility of a different outcome in the false allure of pseudo-well-being. In this sense, as well as in its themes, it has little or nothing in common with its contemporary Italian worker or industrial literature.

And then you had to work every day of the week, including Sundays, so many pages a day to meet all your obligations and, if you fell ill and had no mutual benefit society [health insurance], you would have to pay out hard cash for the doctor and the medicines and, as your earnings would cease, you would be doubly in the soup. (Bianciardi 1965: 128)

Although in strong opposition to the system, the translator, has to accept market conditions in order to survive. Not able to risk one day's absence, most translators and knowledge workers today have become human capital forced to self-market themselves and be constantly available (cf. Bauman 2005, Berardi 2001a, b) in order to get a job and keep it.

I'm convinced that ten days after I had left here they wouldn't even remember what I looked like, and I would get no more work. *You have to be on the spot if you want work*, you have to be there to answer the telephone, because, however infuriating that instrument is, it is also your bread and butter.

(Bianciardi 1965: 184, my emphasis)

Through his hero, Bianciardi highlights some deep and subtle features of the freelancers' alienation. In the new condition of the intellectual, who is gradually turned into a mere workforce directed by others with the changed perception of lived time and working time (that is no longer time for life), the work is only seemingly self-managed, but it is actually more oppressive as it is internally absorbed by the worker as well as being imposed by the working organization (cf. Nava 1992: 16). Even with skillful and cutting irony, satire and sarcasm, the narrator who remains nameless, cannot but state his defeat:

In short, there's no help for it. We've got to stay here, because we are poor, and lack the courage to kick over the traces and begin living like real vagabonds. Until we have the courage to do that, we shall have to go on sweating it out here.

(Bianciardi 1965: 185)

The film

As a fan of the work of two other “provincials”, namely Ennio Flaiano and Federico Fellini, Bianciardi most likely chose *La vita agra* as the title of his Milanese novel as a sort of ironic reply to their film *La dolce vita* (1960), which tells of life in Rome in the same years. Given the book’s extraordinary success – with a title hinting at the economic capital of Italy – Ugo Tognazzi (1922–1990), one of the leading TV and cinema actors of the time, looking for a more committed role than his usual comedic ones, worked to turn the novel into a film.

Directed by Carlo Lizzani (born 1922), the film was released in 1964 and it starred Tognazzi and Giovanna Ralli. Bianciardi worked on the film script as a “script advisor” and made some important changes to the plot, notably the finale (cf. Bianciardi 1964).

Despite the actors’, director’s and writer’s purpose of providing a biting satire of the economic miracle, the film turns out to be not much more than a comedy. The novel’s linguistic depth and complexity become mere wordiness, while the different narrative plans are only partially reproduced in the editing of some scenes aiming at depicting the urban frenzy and chaos as well as the main character’s outer and inner life. The complexity and the ambiguity of the book’s hero only result in a series of socio-political cues in the movie. What is worse is that the translator (Tognazzi) lacks that sense of defeat and is not convincing in his opposition to the society of the boom, reducing him to just a comedic character aiming at making the audience smile. All this fits, however, with the way that the film unfolds: Unlike the book’s character, who keeps working undefeated as a translator *on the spot*, the hero in the film, once refused by the publisher, ends up becoming a *copywriter* for a big advertising company and soon becomes successful and integrated into the big company which he first wanted to fight. Completely assimilated into the neo-capitalistic system and its double standards, he leaves his girlfriend, with whom he shared the dire straits of translation work, and agrees to go back to his wife and son and the lower-middle class “idyll” that he shared with them.

Such a finale clearly betrays the spirit of the novel⁷ but does reflect the ambiguity as well as the fragile and passive mind of its author, who is eternally tormented and unable to make definitive choices (cf. Ferretti 2009: 100f), accepting with an eternal sense of guilt the role of a “character” that integrates into the media/literary *star-system* he is subject to “by suffering and enjoying even the most equivocal implications” (Ferretti 2009: 85): He is the angry anarchist you want to introduce to a big audience of readers and guests at Milan’s high-society cocktail parties. As

7. In a certain way, in this ending we could see the fulfilment of the famous Italian saying “traduttore, traditore”: A translator who betrays him/herself in favour of his/her integration into a consumerist society, although this reading might go beyond the director’s intentions.

is known, after publishing a number of historic novels on the Italian Risorgimento without gaining much commercial success or critical acclaim and after working “for his bread and butter” as a contributor of articles and columns for various periodicals (from sports to porn magazines) all the time still working as a translator, Bianciardi doesn’t endure too long and alcohol will put an end to his struggle leading him to die alone in the winter of 1971. Only twenty years later his work and image will be restored due, on the one hand, to the Bianciardi foundation’s work, and on the other to the 1993 biography by Pino Corrias emblematically called *Vita agra di un anarchico* [the hard life of an anarchist], which tells of Bianciardi’s most unconventional and rebellious aspects and also strengthens the “aura” surrounding the image of the translator with immediate impact on modernity.

La Vita Agra 2.0 by Fulvio Sant

The image of the translator as an anarchic and rebellious individualist, which is in actuality rather an impractical one, was conveyed by Luciano Bianciardi, or rather by the following waves of biographic and journalistic relaying of his legend. In a work context based on maximizing profits and, conversely, on the maximum precariousness of workers, that image still remains fertile today from a literary and mediatic standpoint. In 2011 Flavio Santi appropriated that image in a uniquely provocative way.

Flavio Santi (b. 1973) is a translator (e.g., Wilbur Smith, Balzac, Giffon, Kelman), novelist and short story writer for some major Italian publishers such as Rizzoli and Mondadori. Santi is also a cultural journalist and adjunct professor of writing for special purposes in one of the many academic schools of linguistic mediation which have proliferated beyond the actual needs of the market.

At the beginning of 2011 Santi published the short novel/pamphlet *Aspetta primavera, Lucky* for a small new publisher. The title, which mimics the novel *Wait until spring, Bandini* (1938) by the Italian-American cult writer John Fante (1909–1983), whose works are constantly dissected within the many *creative writing* courses in Italy, is doubly ironic. On the one hand, it recalls the popular saying “wait and hope”, referring to the author’s alter ego Fulvio Sant (note the ironic and most subtle difference between the author’s and the hero’s names), the epitome of the precarious cultural worker. While on the other, it hints at Bianciardi’s first name, Luciano, suggesting that “Lucky” Luciano Bianciardi’s life and working conditions were just *lucky* if compared to those the character of Santi’s story has to face, i.e. being a poorly paid translator who has to accept any job just to make ends meet. And yet Santi makes Bianciardi and his alter ego in *La vita agra* the patron saint of the literary proletariat, the “intellectual labour” as seen in *Il lavoro culturale*.

Through Fulvio Sant's thoughts and experiences, Santi provides an ironic as well as bitter portrayal of the Italian publishing situation in the new millennium, which gets by thanks to an army of highly qualified but underpaid workers (cf. Rea 2011). Santi directly addresses his Tuscan-born "archetype":

Look, Luciano Bianciardi can kiss my ass [...] Dear Bianciardi, you can't know, but we are the first generation of intellectual labourers. Funny that once Flaiano wrote that: "There are only the artists left to seem labourers". And now we really are, and not as a snobbish pose. There has been a slight evolution of mankind: from the metal-working proletariat to the multi-graduate proletariat. Today the poorer classes are those with the highest education. No money, no future, no regrets and nothing to lose. At least you were about to experience the 1968 revolution, your revolt against the cultural industry made some sense, you had high hopes, revolution, change, great stuff. Are you listening, Bianciardi, are you out there?

(Santi 2011: 23f)

There are many direct and indirect inter-textual references⁸ to Bianciardi and his alter ego, as well as to the structure of *La vita agra*, to its diverse issues – first of all the "jungle" of the publishing world and its fierce laws – the literary society or what is left of it in today's creative writing schools or the navel-gazing blogs, the variety of registers, all the way up to the acknowledgment of his own work as a translator, which he loves and hates:

I have finally understood what I am: I am a word stuntman [...] Stuntmen must do the dirty work. It's a hard job but someone has to do it, there goes a line in some old novel I translated. Who plods along in publishing? It's the translator. If he wasn't there, the great best-selling novels would be scrap paper. Who is paid ridiculous wages? It's the translator again. Closing the circle. (Santi 2011: 24)

Fulvio Sant is the precarious intellectual of the new-millennium, a labourer producing "culture". All he can do properly is write and he does everything with writing – especially translations – in order to survive, struggling to make ends meet in a world without passion or future, where every important thing is mere exchange of goods. Even his personal life is complicated: Just like Bianciardi and his alter ego, he is split between his wife and his lover. Fulvio is displaced and feels like an ostrich with its head in the sand or a glue-sniffing kid on the outskirts of the digital-cultural industry. All he can do is look for shelter in his very own drug that he himself created: Any spray can with any substance that he comes across. Even here his defeat finds no epiphany in a raging and sarcastic yet useless acknowledgment of his own condition:

8. Santi's book is full of references not only to Italian literature and entertainment and would deserve a more in-depth study.

More than the new-millennium Bianciardi, call him also SuperBianciardi or ExtraBianciardi or UltraBianciardi or AnyPrepositionBianciardi, call him whatever you like, this sort of modern Frankenstein with some limbs of a humanities graduate, some of a language graduate, some of a PhD student, some of a writer, some of a translator, some of a scholar, some of a critic, or maybe he is just a multi-graduate and multi-jinxed Fantozzi⁹, he is not only up for translations and various obviously underpaid publishing jobs – forewords, postscripts, straps, tabs, belts, pulleys, wharfs, warren girders. Not enough! He picks up almost all that has to do with writing in a sort of a mystic frenzy. In truth, it's the frenzy of an idiot.

(Santi 2011: 45)

In a paternalistic and conformist society such as Italy, unwilling to allow space to the “invisible” generations of precarious and indignant workers who are repeatedly defined as “Italy’s worst component” by an Italian cabinet-level politician, the success of Santi’s book is certainly due to the attention given to it by some important not yet fully government-controlled media such as Rai Radio 3 and a few important National dailies. Another major reason for its success is by word of mouth over *social networks* as well as the numerous reviews, notes, and interviews on (not exclusively literary) blogs and websites, which elicited an enthusiastic audience response. This is clearly because many people in such audiences experience Fulvio Sant’s condition day to day. With his work, Santi has also contributed to bring back once again Bianciardi both as a writer and as a person.

Closing remarks

In the end, it is precisely works like Santi’s – and obviously like Bianciardi’s masterpiece – that dissipate the “fictional” element through literature, that sublimate the aura that still surrounds one of its invisible, hidden and obliging heros – the translator – on whom it’s dependent for its circulation.

Today’s translators – similarly to the “mythological” and anonymous older brother in Bianciardi’s novel – have not stopped loving their job and they keep doing it with all “the effort, the intelligence and the humility he’s [sic] capable of”, because “for him [sic] working means translating” (Bianciardi 1972: 32f). However, they do this in a socio-economic context that is becoming more and more fluid, in fact liquid, unstable and precarious,¹⁰ at the mercy of the financial-capitalist

9. A popular Italian film character of the Seventies/Eighties, whose misfortunes are similar to Wyle Coyote or Mr. Bean.

10. About these concepts and everything related to them please see Baumann’s important and well-known works (2005, 2006, 2007).

“Weltrisikogesellschaft” (cf. Beck 2007, Arnoldi 2009, Gallino 2011), in which local phenomena may have unimaginable consequences on a global level. Translators are not willing to barter their hard work and professionalism for an inane and popular fictional image in literature and cinema, not even in Italy, a country in which the so-called knowledge workers have always faced challenges.

Starting from the realization of their socio-economic weakness and their marginal social standing, translators as intellect workers – indeed as intellectuals – more and more frequently view their osmotic role as workers who operate within various habitats of meaning as implying the action of *intellegere*, as interpreting the challenges put out by the complexity of the contemporary world, as a first step to encourage the creation of better working conditions for themselves and for the other precarious, intermittent or even “invisible”¹¹ road companions, so that working, that is translating, can stop being a factory of unhappiness (cf. Berardi 2001b).

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11. About this see the ongoing survey on the invisible publishing world carried out by Sidacato Lavoratori della Conoscenza-Cgil and STRADE (<http://www.traduttorestrade.it/2012/inchiesta-editoria-invisibile/>).

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